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No. 3

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Students of Yale University



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIV

MARCH, 1919

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ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS.

ONE of the first questions eagerly put to men returning from overseas is "How did you like the English?" And too often the question is answered by a disparaging remark.

I shall attempt to analyze the reason for the hard feeling which exists between a minority of American officers and Englishmen, and to describe from experience the way in which a certain group of American naval officers were received in England.

There are some superficial differences in temperament which have started in practically every case the anti-English feeling. An Englishman is seldom breezy, careless, happy-go-lucky. He is generally very shy and reserved. An Englishman hates to be dragged into a conversation with a stranger in a railway carriage, and a great many of the conversations between Englishmen and Americans have taken place under these circumstances. In these conversations an Englishman is often abrupt, sometimes curt. Even when regularly introduced, no Englishman knows what to reply to the American's warm "Glad to know you!" A frigid meeting, followed by an embarrassing pause and a lack of common topics to talk about starts a mutual bad impression which can only be effaced by a closer acquaintance under different circumstances—and often for this no opportunity occurs. The English sense of humor is different from ours. Their audiences laugh at jokes which Americans ignore and *vice versa*. It was very entertaining to watch a vaudeville in London where the audience contained a smattering of Americans. At some moments when the English were holding their sides, the Americans

all wore depressed, sickly expressions, while at others the Americans were in gales of laughter, with never a smile from the English. This difference, coupled with their undeniably insular point of view, and their reserve, has been responsible for most of the ill feeling.

Many American officers have been unfortunate in the acquaintances which they made. No Englishman will deny that at present there is a large number of "duds" among their officer personnel. But we must never lose sight of the gigantic fact that before we even entered the war, the English officer casualties were greater than our total casualties, army and navy, during the whole war. England had over two hundred and fifty thousand officer casualties before the United States joined her. It is, therefore, small wonder that the standard could not be kept as high. The sporting Englishman, whom all the world loves, went west at Mons, and in the first hundred thousand. If we had been with them then, there would have been no start of bad feeling.

The living remainder of the best Englishman, the big-hearted gentlemen, are mostly wounded, many crippled. Upon arriving in England, we were fortunate in meeting some of these men. We were attached to the Royal Naval Air Station at Felixstowe, close to Harwich, on the East coast, where several depot battalions of regiments at the front were billeted. Their officers were men of the old crowd—most of them with decorations and two or three wound stripes, kept on the depot duty training new drafts to go to the front because of wounds or shell shock. We were the first Americans to reach that part of England—and the way they entertained us was tremendous. They gave us dinners, at which the formal toast to the King and the President was drunk, while the regimental band played "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." They had us to their entertainments, they did everything they could and more. And we did our best to show our appreciation by having them to our air service parties (which were sometimes pretty fair). They were really charming, and we only hoped that they thought as much of us as we did of them. And these good times lasted until the dark days of the last great Hun drive, when they all started leaving, even the limping, and wounded chaps.

"We're going over to stop the big push. Cheerio!"

They went, every one of them. And they stopped it.

As for the British Navy, the way they entertained us was so royal that it was a memorable experience to go aboard a British ship in an American uniform. They simply gave you the ship—took you all over, and didn't let a moment pass without some form of entertainment. Two of us—both merely Ensigns—had occasion to go on a cruise in a British destroyer. The skipper and the First Lieutenant turned out and insisted that we take their cabins—wouldn't hear of anything else. That was just typical. They were all so good to us that we were ashamed, because we could not seem to equal such perfect courtesy in our own navy. The British Navy's officer casualties, though heavy, do not compare in percentage with the army's. Consequently there are more representative Englishmen in it. And they are an admirable lot, gentlemanly, courteous, considerate, with a mighty morale. It is a pity that the American officers who came back with bitterness on their lips did not meet some of these men.

When their only British acquaintance consisted of some newly-commissioned Englishmen—of the type who stayed out of the service until positively shamed into joining it—whom the English themselves call a T. G. (Temporary gentleman), they naturally formed a severe opinion. Had they met the sportsmen who joined up in the army at the beginning, and "stuck it" with light-hearted devotion through to the end, or the keen, "pull-out" destroyer crowd, they would share our feeling of admiration and brotherhood for the English gentleman.

J. J. Schieffelin.

THE BURDEN OF THE STARS.

"Les morts repondent toujours quand on les appelle."

Henri Bordeaux—"Les Derniers Jours du fort de Vaux."

"**N**O, my friend, you are wrong. I am no longer young. Ever since that night two years ago it has been so with me. My body is still fresh—my muscles are still lithe; but that which men choose to call their soul—and indeed even the ancient Greek word "breath" is a meagre expression for the thing—has aged in me forever. My eyes show as much. Come, look into them—look into them. Ah so—you see?"

We were quite alone. I could not look into his eyes as he had asked. I could not stand their stare. It was that hour before the noon of night when the brain's sun, thought, burns hot and heats all things it touches even as if it were real flame. At such times men seem more than men to me. Though their words are strange the things they say are natural and true.

The figure opposite me expressed both youth and age. There was about his face a weariness beyond my knowledge. He fascinated me—utterly, and utterly I yielded to his spell. As he talked it was as if I heard a soaring symphony written by some forgotten Verdi-Shakespeare. So well nigh perfect was his power with words that the technique of his speech faded and was gone before the urges and the pauses of its sound. I, like any earnest audience under such conditions, sat wrapt and listening as men listen to deep music. I cannot give you the sum total of his effect on me. I need his voice for that. But I can tell you the story that he told, simply, and set down so truly that you, I think, even as I now, cannot help believing that it is false.

"My boyhood was almost supernormal. Health was the curse that came near killing me. Always and always I attempted too much. I was an expert in swimming, rowing, running, cricket—nearly every game of the out-doors I made my own. There seemed no end to my energy. But in riding I found my chief

delight. My father—he was a tall man with strong hands and had, I remember, great reverence for silence and those who knew when and how to keep it;—my father, as I say, loved horses even more than I. It was he who first lifted me to the back of his favorite hunter, a glossy-skinned black mare, with the simple admonition—“Now, my boy, ride her. You are eight years old to-day and you can do it if you make up your mind that you will.

“At seventeen I went to Eton. I do not remember my college life vividly. After boyhood, of which my memories are even now sharply defined, it seems I passed through a period of rapid impressions very few of which were deep. Only one thing, putting aside the blurred recollections of the every-day hum-drum of college life, stands out in my thoughts as I turn them back in leisurely survey of that feverish epoch of my youth. Strangely or perhaps naturally enough the whole series of events harks back to an afternoon’s experience I had had in Wales three summers before I went to Eton. I was in the habit of spending August there with my mother. She liked the old castle that had borne my father’s name for ten dim centuries and always managed to pack me off with her ‘for company,’ she used to say. That day I had been rummaging through the huge, musty store-rooms and about twilight I came upon an old Flemish panel hung at the far end of a hall that had once been used as a chapel for the serfs but which was now a store-room for odds and ends of rusty broken armor. I saw the panel only after I had been in the room some minutes. There it stood—cracked and worn but with its colors still quite bright upon the warped and mouldy wood. In its very center was a hole, clean-cut, about six inches square. The panel gave me a curious sense of oppression, due, I suppose, to this effacement. The six grouped figures were easy enough. But the seventh, a tall black one, a stranger from another world, arms folded across his chest, standing so silent, and that great square hole yawning at me from the very spot that should have held his head and face—I do not know. I went away quickly. Little fears pattered at my heart like rain-drops on soft sand.

“The strange happening at Eton that I spoke of befell me just one week before my long illness. During that week my mind

dwelt on nothing else. I could not control it—it swept me with it as if it were a wave. Wherever it went I had to follow and like waves, my thoughts went everywhere. Later when Doctor Wainwright had diagnosed my case, or rather thought he had, he refused to speak seriously with me about anything—least of all about the one subject I was half mad to discuss, the seeming connection between the old panel I had seen in Wales in my boyhood and my recent hallucination. You see, I wanted desperately to tell some one the whole story. If I had been able to do that everything might have been different now. But I could not. There was no one with me but Wainwright and he seemed afraid of me as well as of himself. Of course it may have been merely that he did not wish to excite what he considered a nervous patient. At any rate at that time my fears were huge and this enforced silence only served to distill them, make them seethe in me like poison. Even now I cannot think of that distressing week without a creeping nausea of horror; a luke-warm flood invades my limbs at their extremities, then mounts in surges toward my brain. It ebbs—it rises higher. Its warmth turns to a white-hot heat until at last the whole, driven full force as by an unseen power, pours into my cranium in waves of bubbling, steaming foam. But that happens rarely nowadays and, as you see, when I am not alone I can think and speak of it quite calmly; the presence of any other person eases me considerably and with you I feel no oppression at all. Indeed Rupert, you are as restful and as conducive of calm as that great towering cliff of ours at Land's End that seems to awe the sea when the winds have lashed her into rage. You remember how the waters, even in a storm, lie always smooth about its base?

“That; your soothing of me, is the reason I suppose why I have never told you all this before. Just your being near me makes me forget.” He hesitated here, smiling that slow smile of his, looking at me with a touch of that strange hunger in his face that always makes me feel like an eavesdropper watching the unconscious reverie of a child.

I pressed his arm and waited. For a moment he did not move. Then, opening his black gold-bound leather case, he selected a cigarette, contemplated it an instant, smoothed out the crumpled paper, put it to his lips and struck a match. The flame shot out—

yellow and blue. The sulphurous fumes fouled the air—the odor came into my nostrils, rank and suffocating. He dipped the point of the cigarette into the flame. It was a Cuban—black, stringy tobacco with a red silk tip, pungent and sweet, I thought, after the disagreeable fumes of sulphur. He exhaled a long puff and went on.

“The end came curiously. It was five years after I had been obliged to leave Eton on account of my illness, two years ago tonight. I had come in town and had dined at Lady ———’s. Afterwards Sir ——— and I went to a political soiree. I was not and am not in the habit of pursuing political gatherings, as you know, but so little time had elapsed since the repeal of the Corn Laws and the intense feeling between parties was still so strong that my curiosity in the squabble and the squabblers was piqued. I had quite recovered from the temporary blindness that had cut short my stay at Eton and had just returned from Switzerland where I had been for those five horrible succeeding years of alternating hope and despair.

“That night the memory of my breakdown was more poignant than it had been for many months. I could not rid myself of it. Once more it seemed that other eyes than mine started back from the glass before which I was arranging my tie. My hands were foreign to me—they were not mine, did not belong to me! Yet they moved at my command. My body felt like boneless flesh. It angered me but I felt no fear for I recognized the symptoms at once. They were exactly the ones that had radiated from my imagination constantly the week before and intermittently all through the twenty terrible following ones of my sickness. But the five years I had lived since then had steadied me. The outward signs were there to be sure; yet I had no feeling that the actual scenes of imaginary horror could return. The hours when, head buried in a book, I had started from my chair only to sink back, breathing hard, sensing that threatening circle of ghastly forms skulking behind me in the shadows of the room—now shifting, now standing, still as death, yet always there, watching, always watching—oh, they were gone, those hours, they could not come again! I could not re-believe such things. That ghastly Circle of Six, all of them, near me—watching while I worked, jealous of me, my time and my position; making sure by their

horrible guard that I should do the work their toil made possible—reminding me with their gruesome leers and mocking, pointing fingers that I was their slave, not they mine,—that I, because my father made them pay unheard of rents, because he kept *them* slaves to the land they had to work to live, because he so fed me, clothed me, educated me to luxury—that I, because of this, owed them, owed them almost before I was even born, owed them and must repay! 'Repay, repay or else ——!' their pointing fingers and their mocking sneers acted out their thought. Those times were terrible. But they could not be again.

"You see, I had got too sound a faith in the cold power of a ten hundred year old English name. No son of such a family could or would fear dreams in which rang cries of hating, stricken men. I was too safe. The ghosts that stand in circles behind the student's chair gibbering 'Repay—prepare you to repay!' were gone for good.

"In fact, their pointing, bony fingers and wide, red mouths had become almost a jest with me. I had learned that society is an easy creditor, that it is only our conscience that makes us act and that even its goad can be blunted by abuse. Besides, my imagination, dulled with the delight of mountains and the company of friends, had lost patience with the over-sensitivity of my youth. I had not read a book in all those long five years. No one would read to me because I was too irritable; and, being unable to spin my own webs of fancy, I lost the love of looking at myself in the mirror of the printed page. Perhaps I was afraid to balance my own value with an ideal's worth.

"So it was that I had forgotten that haunting Circle of Six, those companions of that week in which I could not sleep and of the twenty following while I lay blind upon a bed, half mad with fear. Forgotten? No, not wholly. I cannot quite say that. He, the Great Threatener, still lived, an image in my brain. And that night two years ago, it was of him I thought. They had gone, those Six; he only watched me—with those eyes of his; eyes that seemed to hide a smile. For unlike them He never pointed. His black head reared itself above them, taller than the tallest by a foot. Always he was calm; always he smiled; always he watched and as he watched his smile changed into a curling sneer.

"No, I had not forgotten him. The others will never return, cannot return. But he was with me then, is with me now; and he will remain.

"Sir ——— met me at ten. I was perhaps a little nervous. He did not notice my excitement and we went on at once. As we entered the first of the three large rooms thrown open to the guests, my head was buzzing uncomfortably. My hands were hot, now cold, now hot again. The feeling soon passed, however, and I remember spending a very pleasant evening. The details are still quite clear. I chatted with my hostess, heard various middle aged monsters express themselves execrably on the question of the new Laws, engaged myself in lively conversation with a young lady whose name I did not know, but who made up for that by telling me mine, and finally got away about eleven. I was sensible of that hollow elevation and elation that only these superficial hours of quick yet empty question and retort can give. I started to walk home.

"The streets were dark. The cold air on my face woke me up. I forgot the idiotic things I had been doing and saying. I saw the cobbles in the street. They were square and cracked and ugly. The night had no stars. Heaven and earth seemed to jar afar off. I was alone.

"Home ceased to exist. My steps turned unconsciously in the other direction. I was angry at myself for being so blind as to allow the comradeship of other human beings to trick me into the belief that everything was all right.

"I was walking with a long stride, very fast. Damp little beads of perspiration came out on my forehead. My cane struck the walk—thud, thud,—clack, clack. I think if a dog or a child appeared I should have beaten it brutally or else picked it up in my arms and held it close to me—ashamed of my hot tears. I am told there are times when men who walk at night do that—one or the other.

"Without any warning the streets began to fill. There was an utter silence, then a murmur as of heavy breathing and the wide ways and the narrow ones were filled with morning traffic. Busy crying sounds rose and flooded the air. Dawn came. I walked on.

"In the first weak rays the objects near me took on new, blurred form. Shade and shadows shifted back and forth. Something pulled me steadily. I did not know why or where. I had no power. I walked on.

"The streets grew narrower. My haste increased. I felt that I was almost there. The feeling grew—my heart beat with the joy and terror of it. Going—going—going—somewhere! It made no difference. I walked on.

"I turned a corner. The joy and terror that I felt rose together like a scream, reached their height, trembled—wavered, poised, and paused as if on wings and fell. Surely, I thought, a wall has crashed somewhere, or a city has cracked across—it seemed as if a little thing had fallen from a great height, very fast.

"Everything in me died. I had no further desire, no impulse, no passion; I was weary of moving. I stood still. It was all over. I had arrived.

"Across the street a shop window drew my eyes. It was a cheap place, not over clean, where pictures were sold. In the window was what seemed to be a framed portrait—I could not make it out. Suddenly I knew and caught myself. I wanted to dash across the street, to scream, to seize it in my hands, to see! All I did was to stand still. Was there any need to look? It would be he—the Great Seventh! My heart was pounding like a leaf that shudders in the wind.

"The next day I made arrangements to buy this portrait. I did not go myself to make the purchase but left London at once for Wales. Withers stayed behind with instructions to follow me after completing my purchase and to bring the thing with him.

"A week later at about nine in the evening I stood in the library of the old Welsh castle looking down at a small square package that held the portrait my eyes had never seen but which lived in my brain as clear as if I had breakfasted in the room where it hung every day of my life. Withers had just arrived with it from London. I would open it that night.

"The castle was very still. Withers had left the room. Only the caretaker and his wife lived there in the winter so we four were the only human beings on the estate. These thoughts passed through my mind as I stood there looking down at the

little parcel before me. It was all very clear; I was intensely aware of things about me and of myself. My mind was working like a machine, coldly, taking in the minutest details in a flash. I could even see the castle from the outside—as if it were at a great distance, as if I were coming up over the hill that slopes down to the sea. I could imagine the grey battlements—looming up ahead of me against the lowering sky to guide me home. I could see this. And I could see right through the castle walls into the great room where now I stood, and see myself standing by the table looking down, my fingers touching something brown and dry.

“The heavy wrapping paper that held the portrait cracked. I started. Slowly I picked it up and examined it. The wrapper had done a good job. The thing was neatly folded and carefully tied. I opened it. There it was. His head, his face, that smile of his just turning to a sneer. It was not framed. I was surprised.

“My hand ran along the edge. It was wood. The thing had been cut, it seemed, hastily and roughly as if with a dull knife from some larger piece. I looked again. Then something burned across my eyes like fire. I could not think. My breath choked in my lungs. I wanted to scream, to drop the awful thing I held, to hurl it from me, to stamp it into splinters, to crush it, tear it even with my teeth.

“I took hold of myself. I rang for Withers. He came in at once. I asked him to bring the Flemish panel from the armory. He left the room. While he was gone I stood like a statue, my eyes riveted on the door that had just closed behind him. I do not how long he was gone. When he returned the sweat stood out on his forehead, his clothes were dirty and there was a long jagged tear in one sleeve. He had had a fright. He had not found the panel. He said he had torn his sleeve on a nail.

“I took a candle and started for the armory myself, alone. The portrait was in my pocket. I found the panel at once. Withers had apparently not known where to look. The head that I had bought in London the week before fitted exactly into the hole in the panel that I had noticed years ago. As I slipped it into the long vacant cavity I saw the illumination done in black and gold on the back of the little six-inch square. It read:—‘I cannot forget the stars, I cannot forget the stars!’

* * * * *

"Withers found me an hour later. I had been running wildly about the room utterly out of my senses. The sudden loss of my eye-sight for the second time was the cause given by the doctors for my temporary insanity.

"What was the picture? I hardly know. I think it was painted in the twelfth century. Yes, it is of the Seventh Earl of Avalon, the only one of my forebears about whom practically nothing is known. He accompanied Richard Third to Palestine and legend makes him the friend of the poet-king. It is believed that he died in a German prison, the same in which Richard was confined. I beg your pardon? No, I have not seen the sun since."

O. F. Davisson.

WHERE THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP IS GOLDEN.

Here, where the light of the lamp is golden,
And the winnowing shadows tinge
The mushroom shade to the edge of its olden
Dripping and pendulous fringe ;
Where the spirit of wood in mahogany tables,
When the dinner guests come by,
Like a drowsy imp in La Fontaine's fables,
Wakes, and winks one eye ;
Where the woodfire sinks to an ember matting,
Red as the soul's investure ;
And a stool and a low arm-chair are squatting,
Beckoning without gesture ;
Here shall I bring you, away from the riot
Of turbulent outer things ;
Here shall I bring you, and here find quiet,
Cool words with silvery wings.
And as we sit in the steady silence,
No passion shall enter in,
No pulse that quivers from heat to violence,
No shadow or shape of sin ;
For I shall be with your heart's own beauty,
And you with the beauty of mine,
As the player dwells with the strains of the lute he
Is playing within the shrine.
And the old dark books from their mellow binding,
The large books and the small
Shall watch us, like friends we were long in finding,
On guard around the wall ;
And stiff by the windows, against the darkness
Shall a dusky curtain stand,
Baring an edge to the evil and starkness
Of life, the sword in his hand !

John Andrews.

DEMETRI.

DEMETRI, my friend, is a Greek. No one would have to tell you that he is a Greek. You would only need to look at him to say, "Well, if he isn't a Greek, he certainly ought to be one." Still he is not the kind of Greek to whom we are used,—those shiners of shoes that chatter volubly to each other as they slap the brushes from hand to hand. Demetri is more like those ancient Greeks whose marble faces still fill us with admiration. Yet he is not exactly like one of them. His cheek is a ruddy brown, and his mouth is half covered by a black little moustache. And his eyes,—they are anything but marble. They are like deep wells that reflect the stars on a clear spring night, or like the waters of the Aegean glinting in the summer sun. His hair is not at all statue-like either; it is black and wavy, full of little wisps that curl out unexpectedly over his ears and collar.

I first met Demetri in the army. He was without doubt the best soldier in the company,—the kind that the captain holds up as an example to his "non-coms." His rifle was always shining like a piece of jewelry, and his mess kit, his shoes, and every part of his equipment were always without blemish. He was the only man in the company who had never failed to pass an inspection, and for this reason if for no other, so the captain said, Demetri would have been a sergeant too if it had not been for his broken English.

My curiosity was aroused, so that one day I asked Demetri, if he had ever been a soldier before. This question was the opening of a door, and soon we became good friends. Bit by bit I learned the story of his life. From his boyhood he had lived adventures. He had been a merchant sailor, a soldier in the Greek army, and a sailor in the Greek navy. There is no sea, but the keel that bore Demetri has ploughed it; no sun shines, and no wind blows, but they have added a deeper tinge to the russet of his cheek; no port but has invited him to stay and live as sailors do. But the gods have given Demetri a restless spirit, and so he passed on.

Like his crested ancestors of old, this Greek has helped fling back the East from the sacred soil of Argos. In pitched battle he has slain three Turks with his bayonet; and no one who has seen him can doubt that had he lived in that far time, he would have fought the battle of the gate. His sword, too, would have flashed down silver to rise ruddy gold. He, too, would have died, and dying would have raised himself a monument of Persian bones.

Demetri knew much of the glorious history of his native land. He used to tell me of Thermopylae and Marathon and Salamis, and with flashing eye would speak of Alcibiades, Themistocles, and Alexander. How he loved his country! As he spoke, I could see island Andros floating in the blue Aegean. Andros was his home,—fair Andros where his old father lived; where each man owns his fig tree and olive grove, his cow, his swine, his vinyard, and his wine-press; where the farmers crush the rotting rocks to add to the meagre supply of soil the miser gods have doled them out; where the people live by fishing; where the fisher folk capture the sea in shallow basins on the shore to rob it of its salt. How beautiful the dazzling hills of salt upon the beach! How fair the sparkling water and the white sea-birds! How cool old Andros with her gurgling springs and leafy groves! How lovely her maidens treading, purple-footed, in the wine-press, or carrying salt from the beach in long baskets of woven rushes!

“And are you going back Demetri?” I asked.

Yes, he was going back; but not to stay. He would go back a little while to see his old father, whose eyes had not been gladdened by the sight of his son for fourteen long years. Perhaps the old man would be too feeble to travel, but, if not, Demetri would bring him back to his new home.

Where? Ah, it is a beautiful spot,—on a great river that flows into the Pacific. There Demetri owns a little farm. Such soil! Seeds burst into life almost of themselves, and fruit trees thrive without the care of man. There, on the river, he owns his house-boat and his fishing yawl. In the early morning he gets into this and drops downstream to set his nets. In the evening he goes down again to haul in his prize of pink-fleshed salmon, that in the summer months hasten up the rivers, climbing on and on,

until, in some icy mountain stream, they find the pebbly basin of a spring where the sun will shine upon their million progeny.

Yes; it would be sweet to have his father with him at the nets. Perhaps this joy would come soon. But looking into Demetri's eyes, I thought I saw a shadow across the sea.

"Why are you sad Demetri?"

"I have no friends!"

No friends, nor time to make them. Never still. Never tarrying to find the love of woman or of man. An Ishmael and a vagabond upon the earth.

Ah no, Demetri. Take my hand and call me friend. For I have found in you a hero of old Greece that might have rushed against the walls of Troy, or sat at Homer's feet and heard him sing. Yes, in your eyes I see the fire of Homer's soul; and through them shows a kind and Christian heart. Come, take my hand Demetri. Call me friend; and be a little happy in one friend at least,—who knows you for a man.

Cyril Hume.

ORPHEUS REPLIES

"I love with paler hands than most men love!"
Sang one whose fingers ran along the lyre
Like rain coaxing wierd motifs from the leaves.
"As some strange god whom mortals, dreaming of,
"Aspire to reach till he, relenting, weaves
"Them 'round in webs of delicate desirae
"Thus holds them, seen as whilome Dian's face
"Is seen through twigs that twine like shattered lace—
"So I, dawn-swift, with songs the citole sings
"Float out their souls—they soar like whining flame,
"Withered and ravished through pellucid light
"All cithern-frail to seek! While with these strings
"Upward and on I urge them—whence they came
"Murmurous from the mansions of the night!"

PORTFOLIO.

WHY DO YOU ASK ME WHY?

Why do you ask me why?
I cannot tell.
For love was an extasy
I caught as it fell.

The reason? Ah, spare me, sweet;
To give the reason
For loving you were to meet
Love with treason.

For this? For that? Till I die
I shall love you so!
Why do you ask me why?
I do not know.

H. S. Strong.

—Certain persons have always resented the one-time popularity of the epigram and have doubted its universal efficacy as an expression of a philosophy of life. *EPIGRAMS* Everyone has indulged, or attempted to indulge, in it as mental exercise; many have dropped rather awkwardly to the mat, but some few have succeeded in swinging through giddy circles about its perilous horizontal bar and have resumed the lower level of platitudes with a graceful twist of expression. These few concealed the simple, almost contemptible, trick at the bottom of it all.

The biography of Oscar Wilde by Frank Harris, which reveals more than the worst of us had dared to expect, is all that is necessary to convince one of the futility of the serious epigram. As a *carte blanche* to the tables of a blue-stockinged aristocracy or a sop to a self-appreciative London public, it was no doubt justified, but for a *motus vivendi* it failed poor Wilde as completely as any of his less gifted satellites.

If one dares out-Oscar Oscar on his own ground, the epigram was something of which he knew the price but not the value, exaggerating the value, he paid the price. Read Frank Harris'

book, the cynic's reflection of a cynic, the double negative that forms the positive, and lose heart, ye cynical!

Then also, do not the passing of George Moore and the decline of Bernard Shaw mark the end of the decadent Victorian after-math? Will not the epigram, vehicle of the superficial brilliancy of that period, be confined to badinage and dinner table conversation? Its sting will react upon itself. Its arrows,

"Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind.
Will have reverted to its bow again.
And not to where it aimed them."

John Crosby.

—Evening came. As if at a given signal, the street lights
THE flickered, blinked, and then shone out steadily,
BEGGAR casting their pale milk-colored light over the worn
cobblestones. The huge, hulking buildings
towered above them like a great liner above a dory, the flat black
sides menacingly tall. It was closing time, and the muffled
crowd which forced its way up Chapel Street against the raw cut-
ting wind that slashed them back moved with that eager deter-
mined step of people hurrying home with the consciousness of a
day's work done,—and a night of rest ahead. They were all going
home, where it was warm, at least, familiar, at least, cozy, at
least, because of the slippers and the picture on the dresser and
the old deep-seated rocker. Many faces, one feeling; many pic-
tures, one vision.

On the corner of Church and Temple, his drooping shoulders
braced against the shop window for support and protection, a
shivering blind beggar was mechanically turning his carpet-
covered grind-organ, whose tinny notes barely reached the ears
of the passers-by, so fast did the wind break them like hollow
soap bubbles. An empty cup sat on top of the instrument,
making its silent appeal, while the beggar's smoked glasses were
turned hopefully up to the street lamp, mutely beseeching light
and warmth. But the crowd streamed by unheeding. Not a
penny rewarded his laborious grinding. Pockets and small
change were buried beneath layers of ulster or fur. It was too
cold to stop. Perhaps one man in forty saw the chapped red
cheeks and the rough cracked hands.

From out of the very heart of the throng, an old woman suddenly emerged and stood deliberately in front of him. Her head and shoulders were scantily covered by a frayed black shawl which she clutched about her with hands clamped across her breast. From her waist a shapeless skirt hung unevenly to the ground, and beneath it a wretched shoe, full of holes, protruded. Quietly and with shaking fingers she carefully unclasped a little purse, and selecting one of the two dull nickels within, dropped it with a whispered prayer in the battered tin cup.

It clinked flatly. A muttered thanks. She was gone.

The beggar stopped playing, took off his glasses, and slung the organ on his back.

"Hey, boy, gimme a paper," he called, and turned for the saloon down the street.

Culbreth Sudler.

—A sword, hanging over the fireplace, one day arouses the *UNKNOWN LETTERS OF EUGENE FIELD.* interest of the child. "That dear? Why that's the sword Daddie carried in the Civil War. I'll tell you the story about it——."

A generation passes and the sword is still hanging over the fireplace. It is another child that has suddenly acquired a curiosity and longing for stories. He pulls up a chair and gets the sword down; for the next hour he is Captain Kidd, himself. But, Mother enters the room and the sword is wrested from the hands of the bold pirate. "My dear, mustn't touch that sword. Your Grandfather fought many battles with that sword in the Civil War, long before I was born. Ask Daddie to tell you the story about it."—One generation has changed the keepsake to a relic.

In my case the sword was two old letters hanging framed in the library. Maddened with a newly acquired *mastery* of bibliophilism, I seized upon the letters as nothing less than a find. And their story was told.

"When your Mother graduated from Ogontz, she chose as the subject of her thesis 'Eugene Field.' Through mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kohlsaas of Chicago, the essay was brought to the attention of Mr. Field. (Mr. Kohlsaas was an editor.) In acknowledgement Mr. Field wrote these letters. He

was always so amusing! In neither letter did he address her direct, but they were both intended for her, as you can see. The first one he wrote to tell her about himself; the second to thank her and send that picture over there."

* * * * *

MY DEAR MARY:

Mr. Field's absence from the city has prevented my returning an earlier answer to your letter of inquiry. I am hoping that the accompanying circular which Mr. Field sends me will satisfy you upon the many points which it touches. I think I simply voice the sentiment of all those of our sex who have met him when I say that his personality is one of the most striking, most gracious and most pleasing it were possible to conceive of. If in the course of time, my dear daughters are minded to wed, I pray that heaven will send to each a husband as good and as great a man as Eugene Field. And you, my dear, when you enter into your closet to pray, let your supplication be that, in the disposition of its blessings, a benignant providence shall accord to you, for the sharing of your joys and your sorrows, a partner so prominent in all virtues, intellectual and spiritual, as is this same handsome and high minded gentleman, Eugene Field. My dear Mary, I pen these lines in great haste, for I am about to depart from the city; but believe me I pen them in sincerity akin to a sense of solemn duty. And believe further that I am and shall always be most affectionately your friend,

MABEL KOHLSAAT.

Chicago, May 6, 1895.

P. S. Pray pardon this paper. My stationery is packed, and I am compelled to use this horrid kind of paper on which Herman writes his editorials.

* * * * *

MY DEAR KOHLSAAT:

It is evident from Miss Whitehead's essay that she admires me, and I am free to confess to you that all that I have read of Miss Whitehead's writings has predisposed me towards that intelligent, discriminating and charming girl. And I appeal to you

as a sympathetic and prudent friend to tell me truly whether you think it would be wise of me to write to Miss Whitehead impressing to her that sense of obligation under which her graceful review of my genius has placed me? I want to do the proper thing, and that would not be anything likely to arouse suspicion in the bosom of my Argus-eyed and ever vigilant spouse. I understand that Miss Whitehead is "sweet sixteen"—an age in femininity particularly destructive to my happiness. It was when she was sweet sixteen that I wooed and won my Julia, and I have always found myself attracted to girls of that deliciously persuasive age. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I ought to be wary about declaring to my fair young eulogist how keenly sensible I am to her praise and how grateful I am for it. So I want you to speak to her for me, saying in my behalf those gracious things which you know how to say so very effectively. Tell her I am a shy, timid creature and that I stand in wholesome awe of Mrs. Field. Tell her, too, that I am going to send her my picture that she may know that I am handsome as well as good and gifted.

Always affectionately yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, June 20, 1895.

G. L. Miller.

—“All nice men have essentially evil minds. Wholesome imaginations are only granted to the profligate.”

THE INVITATION The Bohemian sat in the Club library by a French window whose strong light accentuated a normally dissipated, bitter expression of eye and mouth. The window was hung with heavy portieres in whose shadows sat a group of four or five young men. In another corner an elderly gentleman was reading. His attention to the periodical in front of him was not strong enough to keep him from glancing contemptuously from time to time toward the figure silhouetted against the window.

“There is no one who is quite good. The coldest virtue is tempered by a saving weakness of soul or body. If you deny the body, you win nothing but the consciousness of a diseased imagination. Rather, I say, indulge the flesh that the soul may be

purged of corruption, may receive and appreciate the beautiful and artistic."

A student of ethics twitched nervously; raised his head as if to speak, but said nothing. The speaker was comfortably seated and seemed to betray a sinister pleasure at his influence over his listeners. His prominence as an author of brilliant, if somewhat unsound, essays commanded considerable prestige among a certain type of young men, whom he could usually fascinate by his conversation. It did not much matter what he said.

"If society and the reading public could discriminate between an artist's work and his life, could adopt the liberalism of the quinquecento, we might witness another Renaissance. Such a revival will be impossible until the world realizes that to rise above mediocrity in one way, one has to sink relatively far below it in another. It is impossible to attain one extreme without the other. The recognition of poets and musicians who have no merit but a colonial grandfather or a quiet married life, eliminates the appreciation of true genius."

"Yes, there is a reception at Mrs. Ordworth's tonight. Everyone who can get a card will be there." A pale, well-dressed young man in spats was startled into this confession. The Bohemian frowned. During the moment of embarrassed silence a car slid almost noiselessly to the curb below. A limousine door slammed.

"Oh, yes, a levee of the queen, her majesty Prudery, resembling Versailles in everything but brilliancy. If there is anything that flatters an intelligent aristocracy more than the deference of a scholar, it is to be called absolutely unintelligent by a virtuous poet. The only distinction one can gain from such an affair is to be among those noticeably absent."

He paused. The failing afternoon light had softened the hard lines of his face. His little audience was smiling fatuously.

A footman in lavender broadcloth was ushered into the room. He handed a large envelope to the Bohemian, who broke the seal, half-concealed a smile and excused himself, "Sorry, but must be off to dress for dinner—on fifty-eighth street—rather important."

The group broke up and wandered slowly toward the bar, the well-dressed youth remarking to the student. "Did you recognize that livery? It was Mrs. Ordworth's."

John Crosby.

—You may speak, if you will, of the perfect contentment of a man who balances his tea-cup in one well-manicured hand as he daintily fingers a lettuce and mayonaise sandwich with the other, and lounging on the soft couch, gazes alternately into the glowing grate and into the eyes of his fair companion. Or, perchance, he is at the club; still the tea, and still the lettuce sandwich, but instead of gazing at the fire, he watches the varicolored dancers on the polished floor, the moaning saxophone's notes playing in his ear, and somewhat yawningly, but with a pleasant sense of well being, speaks wittily of the latest show at "The Garden." This, you would aver, is pleasure, contentment, entertainment, if you will, but at least, it represents a certain height of heart's desire. But no—come with me rather to the woods—two, three, four steps from here.

The ever reddening sun sinks hazily behind a rock-crowned hill. Supper's ready, and the sizzling bacon smells better than usual to-night. And tastes better, too! Somehow, it always seems to. Soon it's over, and the dish-walloping crew goes noisily to work, cursing the lack of soap. The Lord and the guide are apparently the only two who know of its whereabouts. Four of the boys, their backs against an upturned canoe, try their voices softly: "Kentucky Babe" floats across the water, wonderfully melodious, there in that flickering darkness. The red glow of a pipe appears like a spark in the darkness and is gone. The tobacco smoke mingles with the lazily curling smoke of the fire. Out on the lake a loon shrills, like the wailing of a lost soul. A comfortably full feeling—a smoke, some harmony, good, solid, silent companionship; your friends, they are there. What is there more.

Malcolm Hoggson.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The five Junior Fraternities announce the following elections from the Classes of 1920 and 1921 :

Alpha Delta Phi: Class of 1921—George Myron Barker, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Philip Bryden, of Scranton, Pa.; Robert Congdon, of Duluth, Minn.; John Guernsey Curtis, of Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin Curtis Grieb, of Scarsdale, N. Y.; Edwin Victor Hale, Jr., of Cleveland, Ohio; Tom Keck, of East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y.; John McCauley Kiskadden, of Tiffin, Ohio; Charles Shipman Payson, of Portland, Me.; Norton Verplanck Ritchey, of New York City; John Faber Robertson, Jr., of Fall River, Mass.; Thomas James Robertson, of Columbia, S. C.; Sidney Scott of Delaware City, Del.; Edwin Leonard Shevlin, of Portland, Ore.; Erick Amasa Woolson, of Springfield, Vt.; Frank Watson, of Lincoln, Neb. (Affiliated).

Psi Upsilon: Class of 1920—Harry Pomeroy Davison, Jr., of New York City; David Sinton Ingalls, of Cleveland, Ohio; Edward Seccomb Wallace, of Plainfield, N. J.

Class of 1921—Walter Rice Brewster, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dana Cobb Clarke, of Peoria, Ill.; Harlan Wooster Cooley, of Chicago, Ill.; Linn Fenimore Cooper, of Albany, N. Y.; Paul Fenimore Cooper, of Albany, N. Y.; Franklin Coxe, of Asheville, N. C.; John Herndon French, Jr., of New York City; Francis Dudley Blair Goodell, of New York City; Howard Douglas Hadden, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marcien Jenckes, of Worcester, Mass.; Edward MacDonald King, of Plainfield, N. J.; Charles Langdon Parsdons, of East Milton, Mass.; Robert Hallam Paul, Jr., of Watertown, Fla.; Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, of Plainfield, N. J.; John Stewart, of Baltimore, Md.

Delta Kappa Epsilon: Class of 1920—Francis Thayer Hobson, of New York City; Charles Washington Williams, Jr., of Montclair, N. J.

Class of 1921—John Sidney Acosta, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Eliot Buffinton, of Fall River, Mass.; Robert Carson, III, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Richardson Dilworth of New York City; William

Francis Cochran Ewing, of New York City; Lawrence Foster, of Boston, Mass.; Bartow Lewis Heminway, of Watertown, Conn.; Stephen Young Hord, of Terre Haute, Ind.; Willard David Litt, of East Patchogue, N. Y.; James Eugene Neville, of Omaha, Neb.; Godfrey Stillman Rockefeller, of Greenwich, Conn.; Robert Fitch Shedden, of Waban, Mass.; Edward Hook Van Ingen, 2nd, of New York City; Thomas Reed Vreeland, of New York City; Edwin Wheeler Winter, III, of Chicago, Ill.; Kenneth Neil Hawks, of Pasadena, Cal. (Affiliated).

Zeta Psi: Class of 1921—Alexander Hayden Ardrey, of New York City; James Howard Ardrey, Jr., of New York City; William Seiler Bailey, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Lawrence Boocock, of Kesirds, Va.; Sidney Wilcox Burnham, of Champagne, Ill.; John Wreford Chapple, of Billings, Mont.; Charles John Clarke, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa.; Samuel McClintock Hamill, of Philadelphia, Pa.; John Hellier, of Boston, Mass.; Joseph Allen Newton, of Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ward O'Connell, of East Hartford, Conn.; Seymour Page, of New York City; Hartley Frederick Rogers, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Walter Becker Schleiter, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Alden Shephard, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Beta Theta Pi: Class of 1921—Emerson Thomas Anthony, of Peoria, Ill.; Philip Edgar Benson, of Haverhill, Mass.; Edwin Binney, Jr., of South Beach, Conn.; Frederick McGeorge Bundy, of Norfolk, Va.; Horace Bushnell Cheney, Jr., of South Manchester, Conn.; Charles Francis Emerson, of Titusville, Pa.; Lindsay Anton Faye, of Kekaha, Kauai, H. T.; Clinton La Rue Hare, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Royal Holden, of Kansas City, Mo.; Richard Withington Howe, of Cohasset, Mass.; Henry Julian Mali, of New York City; William Kenneth Noble, Jr., of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Donald Winnifred Smith, of Barre, Vt.; William Van Loan Tagart, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Daniel Tyler, Jr., of Brookline, Mass.

ELIZABETHAN CLUB.

January 14—William Dwight Whitney, 1920.

January 30—John Crosby, Jr., 1920; Richard Pindell Hammond, 1920 S; John Jay Schieffelin, 1919.

February 13—Oscar Fulton Davisson, 1920; Culbreth Sudler, 1920.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Five wept and wailed, they were as monarchs deposed, they sobbed and sighed and screamed in burbling black.

"Jade green Gods crumbling cracked in corners," muttered in strange accents Chloe.

"My inner self I have not consulted," jerked forth the king of Yellow Butterflies.

"I have, bah!" The luciative Castilian wanton performed vainly a shimie at Red Rollo, who was considering the case of Ruky, his latest pomengranite, not her, not Carmencita.

"Cheerio! Up-i-See! Bum-tra-la-la! We may even put a bar mit," said Prothero with a bottle splitting oath, thinking of his other friangle.

Red Rollo rolled a witched eye. Suddenly he growled, "Well, we can do it once more."

Carmencita jumped to her feet. "Do what?" said she, stepping on her guitar.

"Now pray!" whispered the King of Yellow Butterflies, his mouth full of life savers, "I know Rollo meant the pile."

"It's awfully high," Chloe said, forgetting to be poetic, but, quickly catching himself, "what to do when frothing feathered follies fling us silver silly to the moon?"

"Eat and drink, drink and eat," vamped the high hearted hell-cat from Spain.

"This one has omitted an article," cherruped the King of Yellow Butterflies as he fingered a tremendous sheaf of papers—whereupon the Five were silent; but a moment only; then, with one accord, right hand on left heel, right heel on left ear, eyes center, balanced on the left hand, they sobbed, and sighed and screamed—for they were gone and their day was done.

"The King is dead!" They wailed, "Long ilve the King!"

CARMENCITA.

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